

G.I. JOE

"Dames Is Dangerous..." THE SIGN of the TIGRESS

10c

No. 16

OCTOBER

52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

*A
"Buddies"
Special*

DON'T TELL FRANKIE



War With A Stovepipe...

MAMIE'S MORTAR

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Football Time is all the Time with
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. 5 DAYS TRIAL

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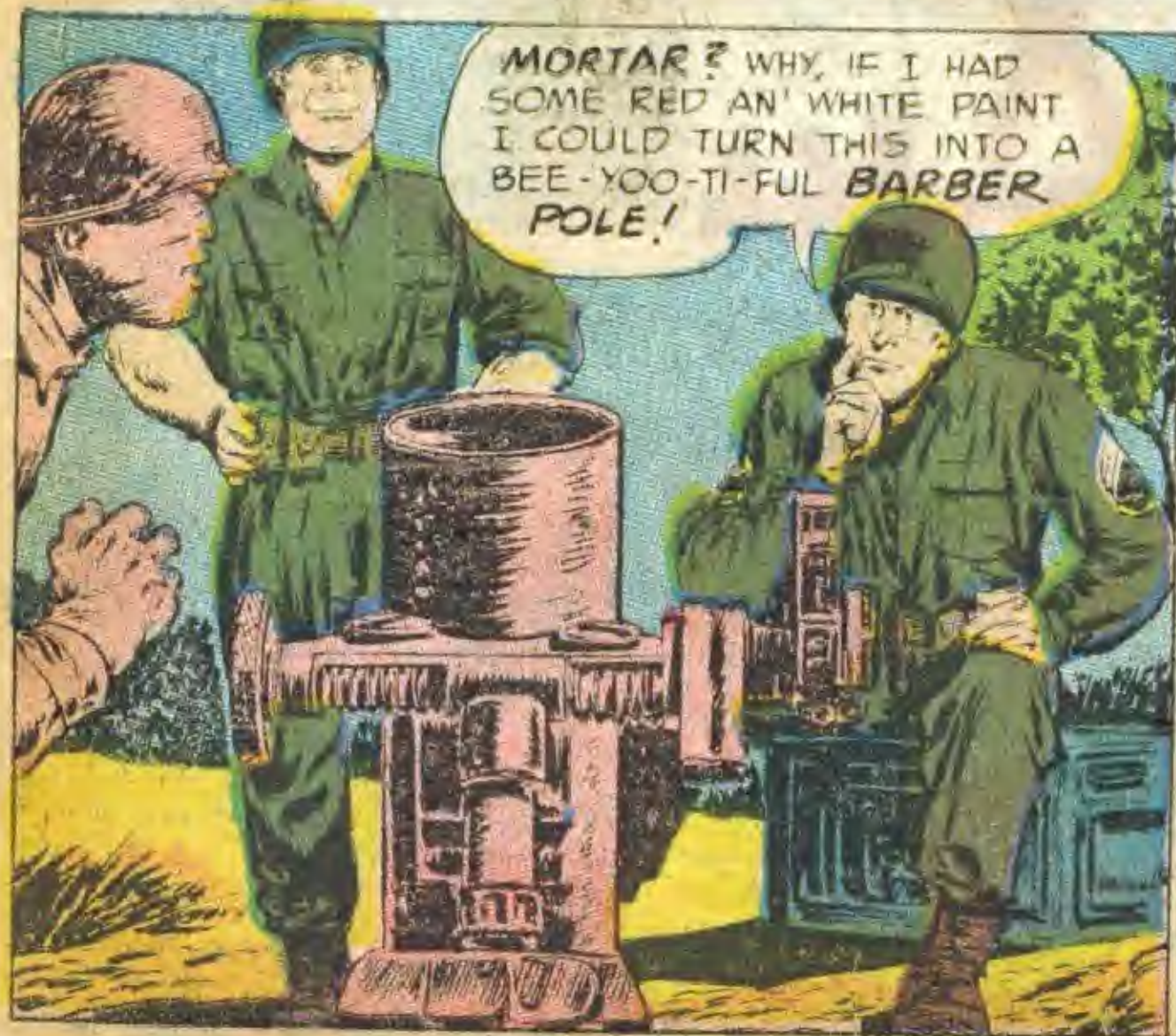
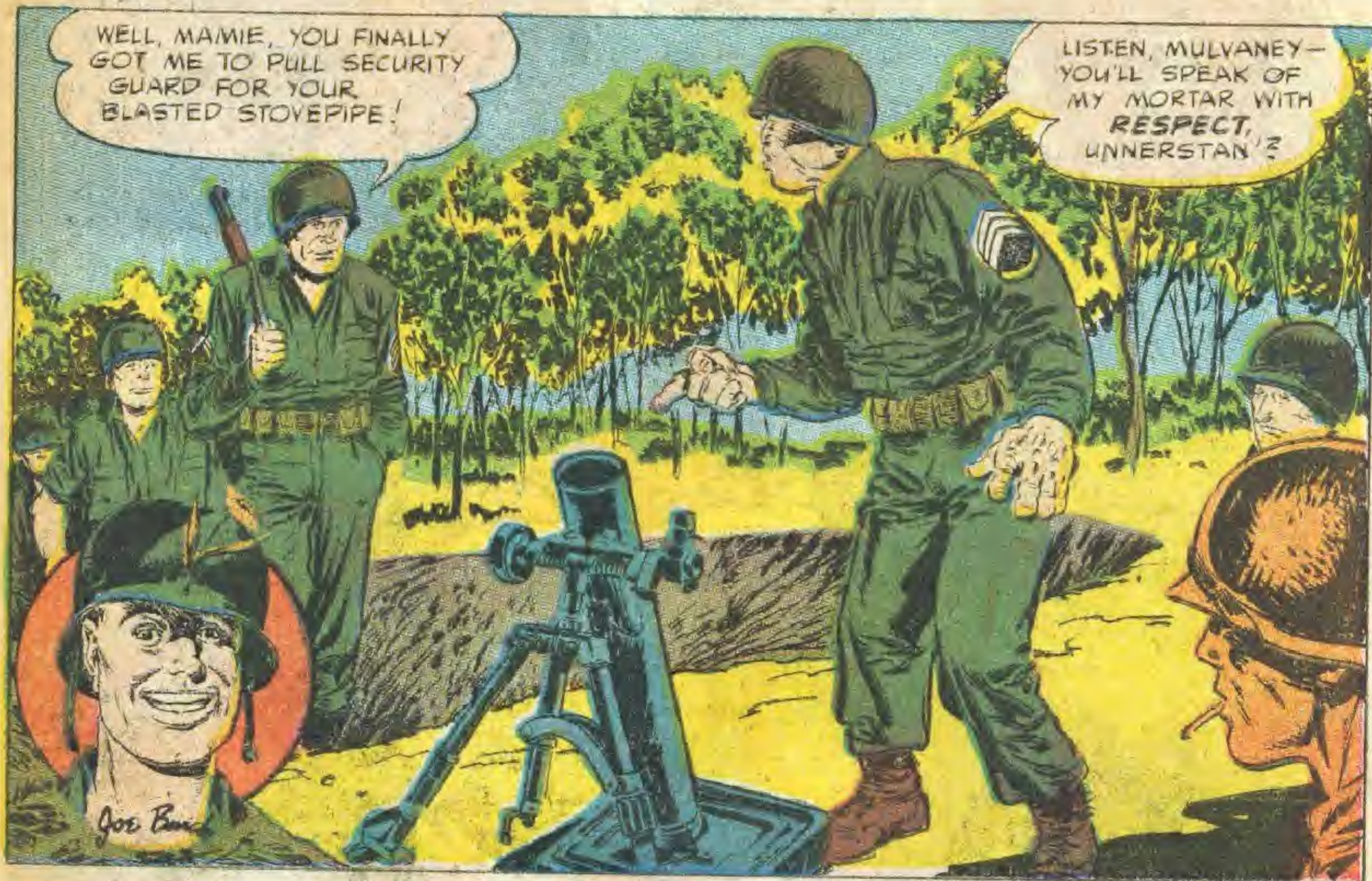
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G.I. Joe in MAMIE'S MORTAR

MOST CRAFTSMAN TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR WORK--AND SGT. ROBERT MAMIE WAS A REAL ARTIST WITH AN 81 MM MORTAR! HE WAS PROUD OF HIS GUN, AND BEFORE THE DIN OF BATTLE HAD DIED AWAY, BOTH G.I. JOE AND MULVANEY ALSO SALUTED...

"MAMIE'S MORTAR!"



SUDDENLY, ENEMY ARTILLERY OPENS UP...



YOU JUST TRY TOUCHIN' MY GUN, BIG MOUTH! JUST TRY IT!

LISTEN HERE, MAMIE— YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, AN' I'M THE GENT WHO'LL BE GLAD TO ACCOMODATE YOU...

HEY! WILL YOU GUYS BREAK IT UP? THE COMMIES ARE POURIN' BIG STUFF IN! LET'S GET ON THE BALL!



ALL RIGHT, YOU RIFLEMEN! OUT ON THE FLANKS! WATCH FOR SNIPERS AND INFILTRATORS!

GUN CREW UP! I'M GOIN' TO THE OBSERVATION POST!

QUICKLY, MAMIE'S MORTAR GOES INTO ACTION...



THESE STOVEPIPES BEAT ME! YOU DON'T EVEN SEE THE ENEMY-- AN' YOU KEEP LOBBIN' SHELLS ON THEM!

THIS GUY MAMIE DOES ALL RIGHT! COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, THEY KNOCKED OUT THREE RED MACHINE GUN NESTS WITH THREE SHELLS!

WHAT WAS THAT?

SUDDENLY...

BLAM!



THEY GOT THE AMMUNITION JEEP! WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF SHELLS, TOO! WE'LL HAVE TO HAND HAUL 'EM FROM THE DUMP, AN' THAT'S A MILE BACK!



I'LL GO!

WELL-- YOU AIN'T GOIN' ALONE! ONE MAN CAN'T CARRY ENOUGH AMMO TO LAST MORE'N A COUPLA MINUTES! I'LL GO WITH YA!

IF ANYBODY EVER TOLD ME I'D BE LUGGIN' SHELLS FOR A STOVEPIPE-- I'D SAY HE WAS NUTS!-- HEY! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

I WAS JUST THINKIN', SARGE! IF YOUR EARS WERE LONGER AN' YOU HAD A TAIL, YOU'D MAKE A FINE ARMY MULE!



WHY-- YOU-- OK?! #am!!

TCH! TCH! TEMPER! TEMPER! AN' DO BE CAREFUL, MULVANEY! THAT'S HIGH EXPLOSIVES YOU'RE CARRYIN'!



LATER, DURING A LULL IN THE ENEMY ATTACK...



THE BOYS TOLD ME WHAT A GOOD JOB YOU GUYS DID CARRYIN' AMMO!

SO WHAT? IT WAS OUR NECKS, TOO! NO AMMO -- NO GUN! NO GUN-- WE GOT REDS ON OUR TAILS!

OKAY, MULVANEY! I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD BE FRIENDS! I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE O.P.! GOTTA PLOT A RANGE CARD!



DON'T STRAIN YOUR EYES WITH THEM OP'RY GLASSES!

YOU HAD NO CALL TALKIN' TO HIM LIKE THAT, MULVANEY! MAMIE IS A GOOD GUY!

CAN IT, JOE! I'M ON THE VERGE OF TEARS!

SURE MAMIE'S GOOD! THE BEST! BUT I'D NEVER GIVE THE PALOOKA THE SATISFACTION!



MOMENTS LATER, THE ENEMY BARRAGE OPENS AGAIN...



WOW! THEY'VE PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS!

YEAH! WE'RE GONNA CATCH IT BUT GOOD!

YES, SIR!

HEY! THAT WAS THE C.O.! THE REDS ARE MASSIN' FOR AN ATTACK! MOVEMENT ALL ALONG THE FRONT!



WELL, WHY AIN'T THE GUN' FIRIN' THERE MUST BE A MILLION TARGETS OUT THERE!

NO WORD FROM MAMIE! I CAN'T RAISE HIM! GOSH! THEY'RE SURE SWEEPIN' THE CREST OF THAT HILL!



HEY, SARGE! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?

TO CHEW OUT MAMIE! HE OUGHTA BE GIVIN' FIRE ORDERS -- NOT SNOOZIN'!

I-I HOPE NOTHIN'S HAPPENED TO THE BIG SLOB!

AS MULVANEY REACHES THE GUN OBSERVATION POST...

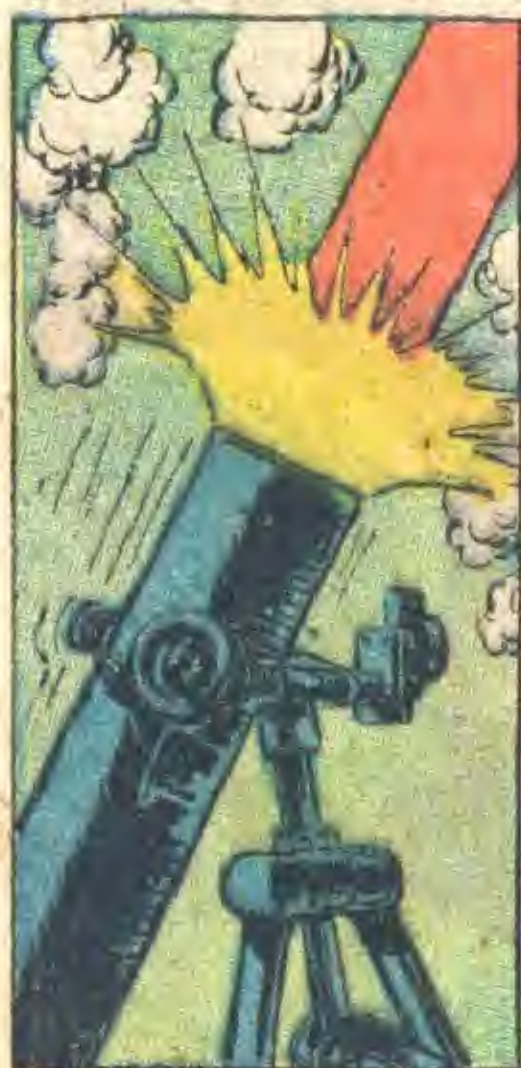


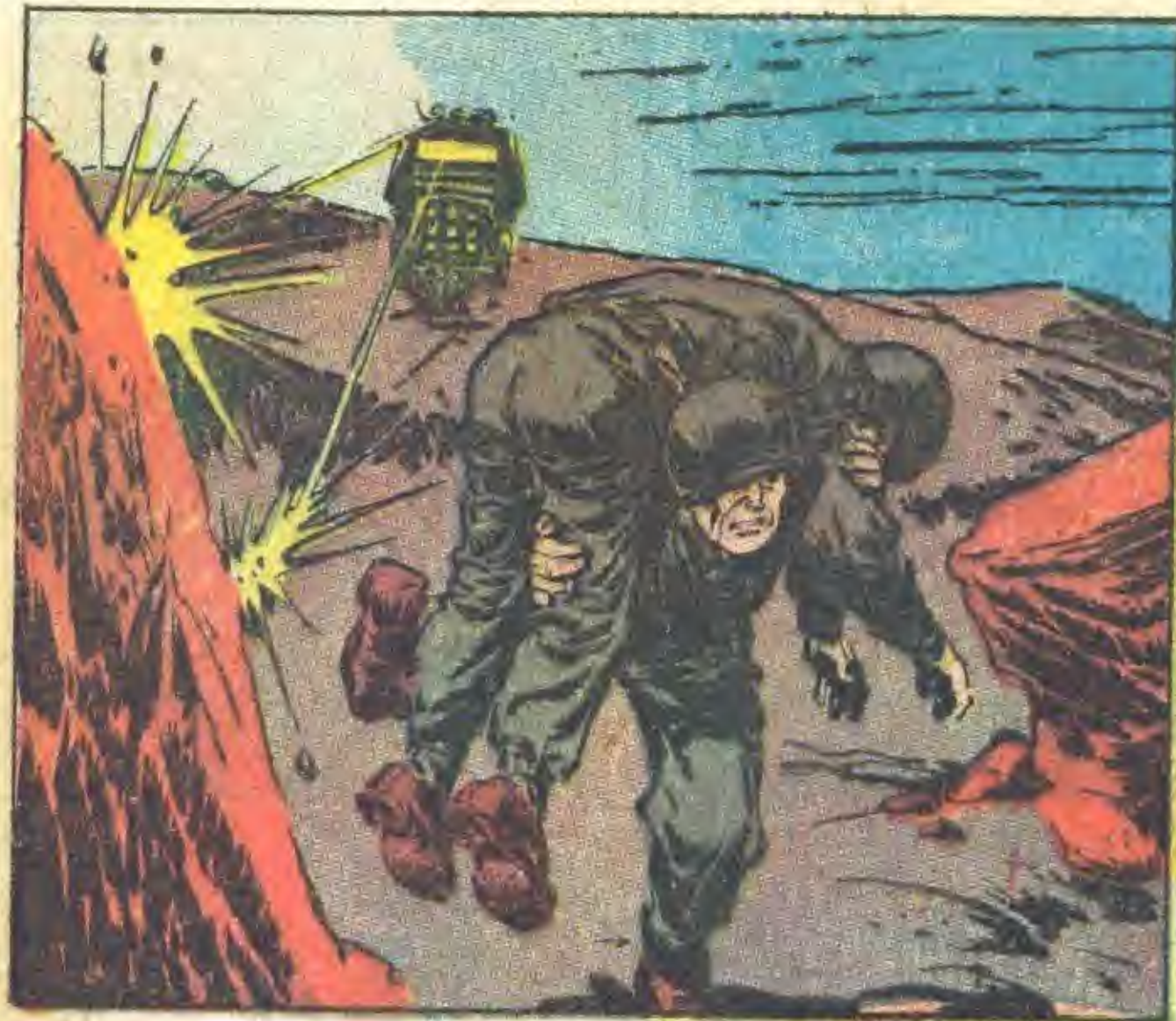
MAMIE! YOU'RE HIT! WHERE'D THEY GET YA?

NEVER MIND ME, MULVANEY! THE COMMIES ARE MASSIN' FOR AN ATTACK! WE GOTTA POUR SHELLS ON 'EM! I-I--DON'T HAVE ANY STRENGTH... CAN'T DIRECT THE FIRE...



SO MULVANEY TAKES OVER, AND...





MEANWHILE, AT THE GUN...

HOLY COW!
THAT LAST
ROUND DIDN'T
GO OFF! IT'S
HUNG IN THE
BARREL!

WOW! UNLESS
WE GET THE
SHELL OUTA
THERE, IT'S
LIABLE TO
GO OFF ANY
SECOND!



LET'S CLEAR
THE GUN! I'LL
GIVE YOU GUYS
A HAND!



DON'T ANYBODY
SNEEZE! IF THIS
THING GOES OFF,
THEY WON'T EVEN
FIND MY DOG
TAGS!



ENEMY HALF-TRACK
BROKE THROUGH!
HEADIN' THIS WAY!
GET OUTA HERE!
CAN'T HOLD THIS
POSITION!



DON'T STAND
THERE LIKE
A DOPE,
JOE! COME
ON!

SOMETHIN'S
GOTTA BE
DONE! IF THEY
GET THROUGH
HERE-- THEY'LL
TURN OUR FLANK!



I AIN'T GONNA LET 'EM
COME THROUGH!



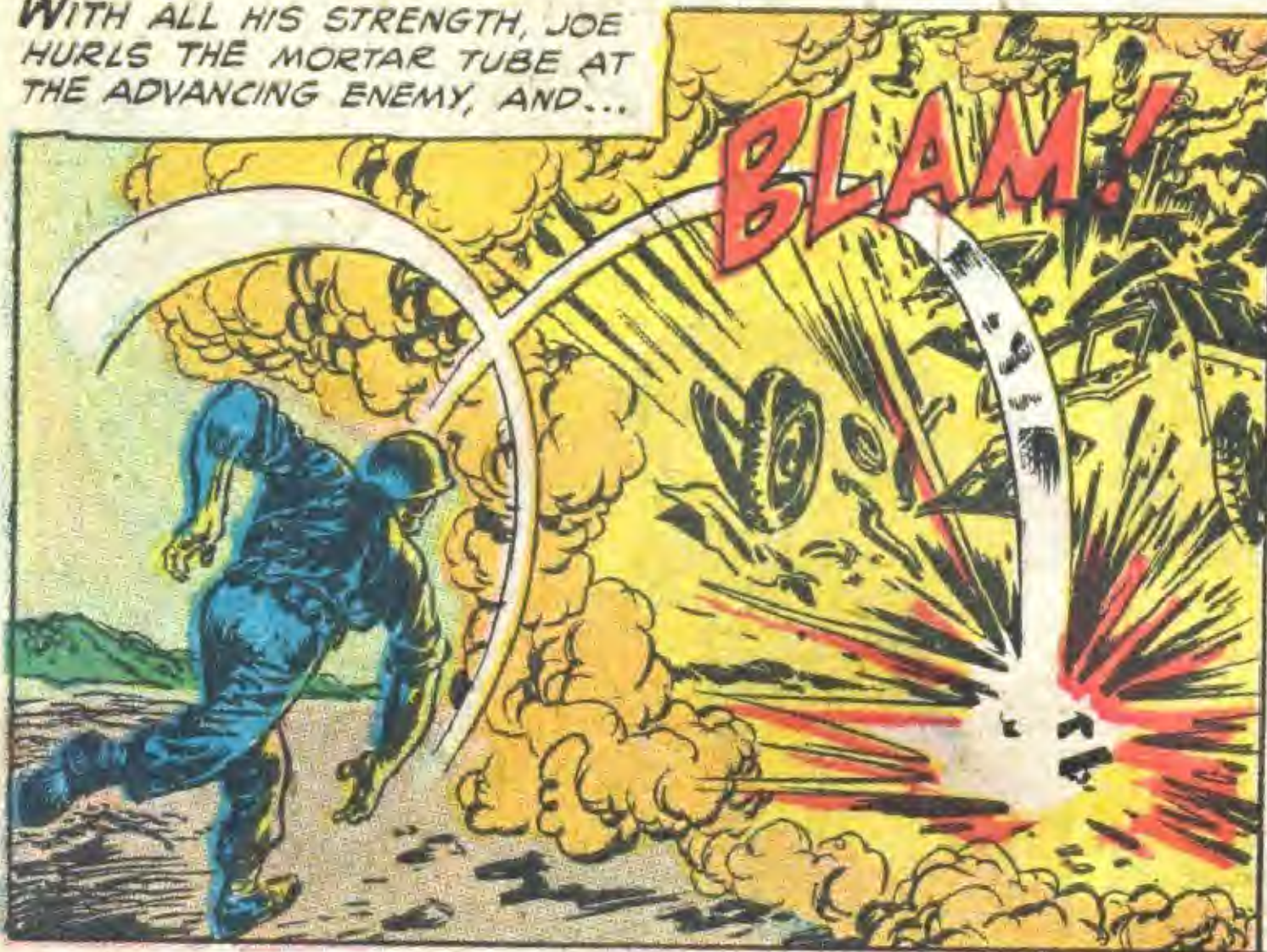
JOE! COME BACK!
YOU DON'T HAVE
A CHANCE!
COME BACK!



GOSH! THAT
MORTAR IS
LIABLE TO
EXPLODE
ANY TIME!



WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, JOE
HURLS THE MORTAR TUBE AT
THE ADVANCING ENEMY, AND...



JOE! JOE, BOY!
SPEAK TO ME!



WATCH YOUR
BLOOD PRESSURE,
SARGE! I'M
OKAY!

YOU CRAZY
GALOOT! YOU
BIG, STOOPID,
CRAZY GALOOT!

SOME WEEKS LATER, AFTER MAMIE COMES OUT
OF THE HOSPITAL...



IT'S A CELEBRATION,
SEE? I JUST GOT
MY NEW MORTAR--
AND WE'RE GONNA
NAME IT
**MULVANEY'S
MORTAR!**

LISTEN, BURCH — THIS IS
MY MORTAR, UNNERSTAN'?
AN' IF ANY ONE OF YOU
GUYS CALL IT A
STOVEPIPE, YOU'LL
BE DIGGIN' DITCHES
FROM HERE TO
SHANGHAI!

IT'S LIKE YOU ALWAYS
SAID, SARGE! IT'S THE
GREATEST GUN IN
THE WORLD!

The End

BUDDIES *in*

DON'T TELL FRANKIE!

LOOKIT TULIPER GO, GROGAN! HE'S BEEN AT IT FER TWO HOURS!

AIN'T IT DISGUSTIN'? WHERE DOES A SKINNY LITTLE RUNT LIKE THAT PACK IT?

FRANKIE, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THERE AIN'T NOBODY CAN COOK LIKE YOU! I'D RECKANIZE YOUR COOKIN' ANYWHERE!

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT "GOOD FOOD HAS WON MANY A BATTLE!" BUT IN THE CASE OF "BAKER" COMPANY GOOD FOOD ALMOST **STARTED** ONE! WE FIND FRANKIE OF THE PUMP AND SAM TULIPER DISCUSSING THEIR FAVORITE TOPIC...FOOD, AS SGT. GROGAN AND ANOTHER G.I. WATCH...

FRANK GIACOA

HOW CAN YA STAND IT, FRANKIE... WATCHIN' THAT CHOWHOUND EAT? DON'T IT MAKE YA SICK TO YER STOMACH?

MAIS, NON, GROGAN! I **ADMIRE** A MAN WHO EATS FOR **ZE PLAIZURE!** AND TULEEPAIR... OO! LA! LA! HE EATS LIKE ZERE IS **NO TOMORROW!**

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

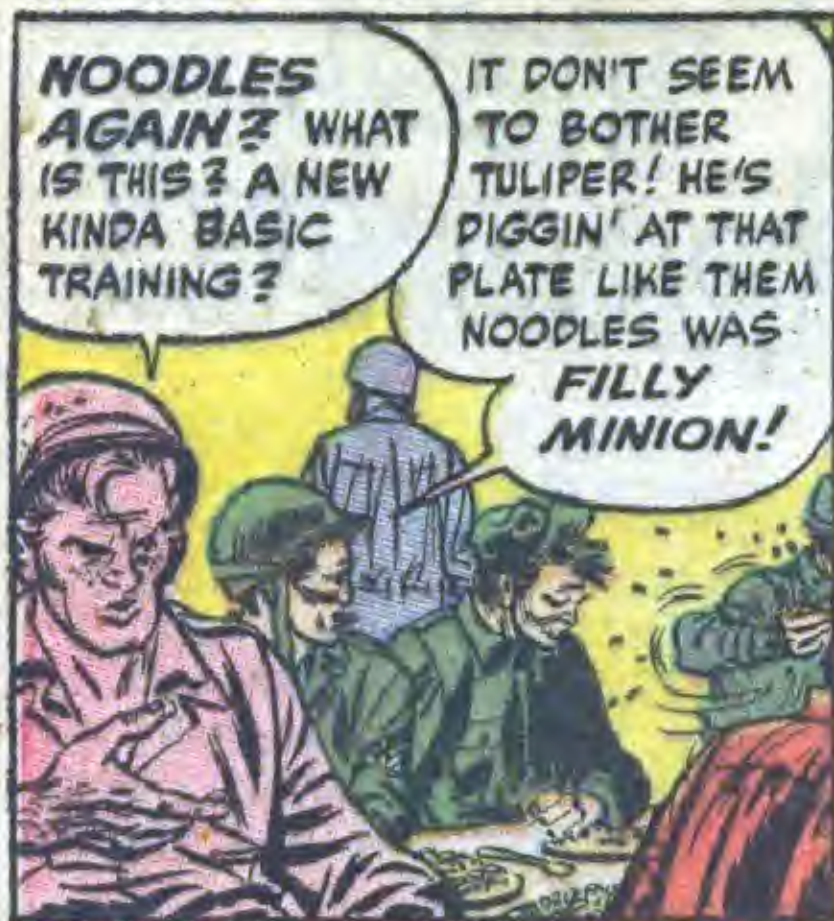
BAD NEWS, SIR! ENEMY AIRCRAFT GOT OUR SUPPLY TRUCKS! IT'LL BE AT LEAST A **WEEK** BEFORE FRESH SUPPLIES CAN GET THROUGH!

HMM! THAT **IS** SERIOUS! BETTER CHECK OUR FOOD SUPPLY, CAPTAIN!

NOODLES? YOU MEAN THAT'S ALL WE HAVE LEFT, FRANKIE? THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO WITH NOODLES!

'AVE NO FEAR, MON CAPITAINE! FRANÇOIS DE LA SALLE WILL FIND ZE WAY!

BUT EVEN FRANKIE'S RARE CULINARY TALENTS CANNOT DISGUISE THE FLAVOR OF NOODLES FOR TOO LONG... AND SOON...



AN HOUR LATER...



I'LL TAKE SOME FER LATER... FER WHEN I GO TO BED! HAVIN' FOOD AROUND GIVES ME A FEELIN' OF SECURITY! I SLEEP BETTER!



AND THAT NIGHT...



KNOCK IT OFF, TULIPER! WE WANNA GET SOME SLEEP!

BUT, FELLAS! YA KNOW I CAN'T SLEEP ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!



THE NEXT MORNING...

MORNIN', TULIPER! 'JA HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?

YEAH! I SLEPT OKAY, SARGE!



WELL, I DIDN'T! AN' I GOT NEWS FER YA! A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT! YER ON GUARD DUTY FER TWO WEEKS! NOW HOP TO IT!

YESSIR!





AN' DON'T BOTHER
TO COME TO MESS!
WE'LL SEND YER
FOOD TO YA!

OKAY, SARGE!
JUST MAKE
SURE YA SEND
ENOUGH!



HEY, YOU GUYS! 'JA
HEAR THE NEWS? THEY
TOOK FRANKIE TO THE
INFIRMARY! NERVOUS
STOMACH... OR
SOMETHIN'!

MUSTA
BEEN
THEM
NOODLES!

TOUGH RAP! JUST
WHEN WE GET A
FRESH LOAD OF
FOOD SUPPLIES...
NL FRANKIE
T'COOK 'EM!

WITH FRANKIE ILL, A NEW COOK
IS ASSIGNED TO THE COMPANY...

AND ON THE DAY
FRANKIE RETURNS...



MUR-DER!
THIS NEW GUY
CAN'T COOK FER
PEANUTS! THIS
STUFF IS
BRUTAL!

WELL, YA
BETTER TAKE
SOME OUT TO
TULIPER! AN'
PILE IT ON!
LET 'IM **SUFFER**
LIKE WE DO!



TULEEPAIR, MON
AMI! I 'AVE NOT
SEE YOU AROUND!
FOR WHY?

BEEN ON
A SPECIAL
DETAIL! THEY HADDA
BRING ME
MY MEALS! BUT
THE CHOW GETS
BETTER ALLA TIME!
YOU' BEEN **OUTDOIN'**
YERSELF LATELY,
FRANKIE! THIS WAS
THE **BEST** YET!



WHAT ??
TULEEPAIR...
(SOB)... 'OW
COULD YOU?
I 'AVE BEEN
SEECK!

GEE! I'M SORRY,
FRANKIE! LOOK,
YER STILL
OKAY IN MY
BOOK! WHY, I
BETCHA YOU
COULD GET A
JOB IN ONE OF
THEM BIG AUTO-
MATS IN NOO
YAWK!



OUT-OO-MAT!
ZAT IS ZE FINAL
EENSULT! I
QUEETS!

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?



NEVAIR AGAIN
DOES FRANÇOIS
COOK FOR ZIS...
ZIS... **MESS**
POODLE!

YOU MEAN, **CHOWHOUND!**
...NOW DON'T GET EX-
CITED, FRANKIE...OR
YOU'LL GET SICK AGAIN!
WE'LL ASSIGN SOMEONE
ELSE TO COOK FOR
TULIPER!

OH, BOY! NOW
I GOT ME OWN
PRIVATE
CHEF!

ZAT TULEEPAIR!
'OW I HATE HEEM!

A comic book panel depicting a scene in a military mess hall. In the center, a soldier in a green uniform and helmet is seated at a table, looking towards two soldiers in red uniforms. He has a speech bubble above him that reads "THE STUFF I'M GITTIN'!". The soldier in red on the left is seen from the back, wearing a red helmet and uniform. The soldier in red on the right is also seen from the back, wearing a red helmet and uniform. On the table, there are various items including a blue bottle, a small cup, and some food. The background shows other soldiers and the interior of the mess hall.

WHAT IS ZE USE?
WHERE YOU 'AVE ZE
STOMACH...
TULEEPAIR 'AS A
GARBAGE PAIL!

THERE'S A VILLAGE UP AHEAD, SERGEANT! I WANT YOU MEN TO SCOUT AROUND TO MAKE SURE THAT IT'S CLEAR OF SNIPERS!

YES, SIR!

PACKIN' MYSELF A SANDWICH, SARGE... FOR AFTER. THERE'S LIABLE TO BE FIGHTIN'... AND FIGHTIN' ALWAYS MAKES ME HONGRY!

THERE IT IS!
NOW WE'LL TAKE
ONE BUILDING
AT A TIME...
AN' BE CARE-
FUL!

I'LL TAKE
THAT BUILD-
ING OVER
THERE!
LOOKS LIKE
IT'S GOT A
KITCHEN!

SNIPERS!
GET BACK!

MY SANDWICH! I
DROPPED MY
SANDWICH!

RAT-TAT-TA-TA-TA!

HE'S HEADIN'
AROUND THE
BACK!

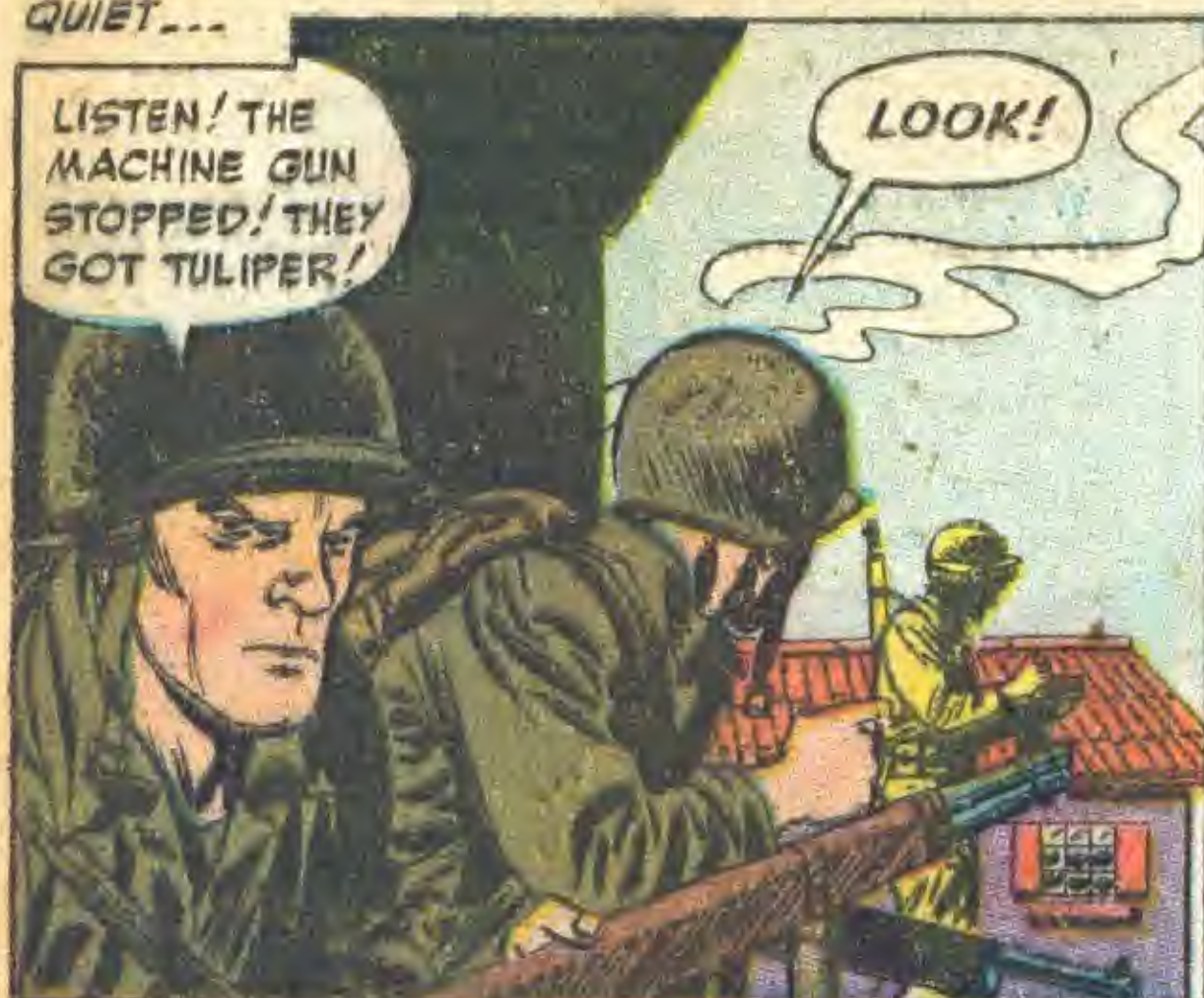
**TULIPER!
WAIT!**

LEMME GO! I GOTTA GET MY SANDWICH!

HE'S HEADIN' AROUND THE BACK!

TULIPER! WAIT!

FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE INCESSANT CHATTER OF MACHINE GUN FIRE FILLS THE AIR! THEN, SUDDEN QUIET...



LATER, BACK AT CAMP...



THAT NIGHT...



BUT FRANKIE FAILS TO NOTICE AN OVERTURNED BOX OF SOAP FLAKES ON A NEARBY SHELF...



AND AS FRANKIE STANDS BY EXPECTANTLY...



TAKE IT EASY, FRANKIE! CALM DOWN!

NEVAIR 'AVE I BEEN SO EENSULT! GEEV ME ZAT KNIFE! I KEEL HEEM!

WHAT'S WRONG, MEN?





I AM ZRU! QUEETS! I WEESH ZE TRANSFAIR! NO LONGAIR CAN I REMAIN IN ZE SAME COMPANEE WIZ ZAT.. ZAT.. **CHOW DOGGIE!**

CONTROL YOURSELF! GENERAL GATES HAS JUST ARRIVED TO INSPECT THE CAMP! WHAT WILL HE THINK IF HE SEES SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



MEANWHILE, TULIPER HAS A COMPLAINT OF HIS OWN...

I AIN'T ONE TO BEEF, CAPTAIN... BUT I LIKE MY FOOD! AND THE FOOD THEY GIMME TONIGHT AIN'T FIT TO EAT! THAT BELLY-ROBBER WAS TRYIN' T'KILL ME!

H'MM! WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS, CAPTAIN!

YES, GENERAL!



GEE! I HOPE FRANKIE DON'T GET IN NO TROUBLE! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR THE **GENERAL** TO INSPECT HIS CHOW!

THIS IS SUPERB! MAGNIFICENT! CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY!



Y'SEE, FRANKIE! TULIPER WAS ONLY **KIDDIN'!** HE REALLY LIKED IT!

SURE! **THAT'S** WHY HE ASKED THE GENERAL TO TASTE IT!



THE NEXT MORNING...

SMACK!

TULEEPAIR! I 'AVE MEES-JUDGE YOU! I RECEIVE ZE GREAT HONAIRE... AND I OWE EET ALL TO YOU!

HEY!



TWO THINGS I CAN'T FIGURE OUT... **WOMEN AND FRENCH-MEN!**

HEY, TULIPER!



I NEED VOLUNTEERS FOR A RECON DETAIL! WHYN'CHA COME ALONG? WHO KNOWS? YA MIGHT BECOME A **HERO** AGAIN!

WELL, IF THAT HAPPENS... DO ME ONE FAVOR, SARGE...



DON'T TELL FRANKIE!

THE END

The **YARDBIRDS**



THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE IS A VITAL WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF THE EXPERT. BUT WHEN THE YARDBIRDS, PRIVATES WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS, START MIXING THE PIGMENTS, RIFLES, MORTARS AND GRENADES ARE CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO THE HAVOC AND CONFUSION THE ZANY G.I.'S CREATE. RIGHT NOW, SGT. GRUFF TEARS INTO THE YARDBIRDS' BARRACKS...

"CAMOUFLAGE CAPERS"



A WHILE LATER...

GOLDBRICKING, EH?
I TOLD YOU TO GRAB
SOME PAINT
AND PAINT!

BUT, SARGE, THE
PAINT CANS ARE
CAMOUFLAGED! WE
COULDN'T
FIND THEM!

SUPPLY
ROOM

VERY FUNNY! NOW SHUT UP
AN' LISTEN-- ONE CAN'S BLUE,
THE OTHER IS YELLOW! KEEP
CRISSCROSSING EACH OTHER'S
PAINT JOB TILL THE WHOLE
COMPANY AREA IS
CAMOUFLAGED!

TAKE THE
BLUE PAINT,
WHITEY! I
LOOK BETTER
IN YELLOW!

REMEMBER--
ANYTHING THAT
ISN'T MOVING!

WE MAY AS WELL
START WITH SERGEANT
GRUFF'S QUARTERS!

IT'S ALL
THE SAME
TO ME!

SGT. GRUFF

S SEVERAL STROKES LATER...

THE
INSIDE,
TOO?

YEAH, I'M
BUCKING FOR
PFC!

SAY, WINDY,
WHAT ABOUT
GRUFF?

HMM, HE ISN'T
MOVING, IS HE?

Z Z Z

Z Z Z









NOW! G. I. JOE's Famous Sidekicks
NOW in their own book!



**THE GOLDBRICKS
IN DOUBLE DUTY!**

Ziff-Davis Publishing Company — 366 Madison Avenue — New York 17, N. Y.

Pvt. Danny O'Lowd

"BORN IN THE SADDLE"

LEFFINGWELL!
ROSE! ANTONINI!
CASSIDY!

COWBOY BOOTS!
WHADDAYA WANT COWBOY
BOOTS FOR, O'LOWD! YOU'RE
IN THE INFANTRY!

I GOT A
RIGHT TO COW-
BOOTS! I'M
A TEXAN!

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES HAS PRODUCED MILLIONS OF SNOW-JOB ARTISTS, BUT THE LOUDEST, THE MOST ARTISTIC AND THE MOST ANNOYING IS PRIVATE DANNY O'LOWD, LATE OF CHICAGO -- "THE WINDY CITY" -- AND NOW OF "K" COMPANY, INFANTRY REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER, CAMP SITTING BULL, KANSAS...

by

FLIP

"ALL OF US O'LOWDS
WAS BORN IN THE SADDLE!
I SHOULDN'T OUGHT TO
BE IN THE INFANTRY..."

"SOME DAY THEY'LL BRING BACK THE
CAVALRY AND I'LL COME INTO MY OWN."

BOOTS
AND
SADDLES!
FOLLOW ME,
MEN!

HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN
DANNY O'LOWD OF THE
SEVENTH UNITED
STATES
CAVALRY!

I THOUGHT
YOU CAME
FROM
CHICAGO,
O'LOWD?

I DO, SERGEANT!
CHICAGO, TEXAS!
I'M A REAL
VAQUERO!

SERGEANT
SNEAR!
COLONEL LATHER
WANTS YOU IN
HIS OFFICE
RIGHT
AWAY!





TAKING
AN INSTANT
DISLIKE TO
O'LOWD, HIS
HORSE TRIES
EVERY TRICK
IN THE BOOK
TO RUB HIM
OFF...





HEY, GANG!

START YOUR OWN

LOOK! every member gets...

A G.I. JOE Fan Club pennant bearing official number assigned to your club. Think how swell it'll look on the wall of your room.

(Actual size 11 1/4 inches in length.)



**G.I. JOE FAN CLUB
MEMBERSHIP CARD**

This is to certify that

is a member in good standing
and is entitled to all rights
and privileges of G.I. Joe's
Fan Clubs!

A G.I. JOE Fan Club membership card. Carry it with you at all times—it identifies you as a Fan Club member in good standing.



A G.I. JOE special badge of honor—Rich! Colorful! Handsome! You'll be proud to wear it.
(Actual size 1 1/4 inches in diameter.)



My Secret Front Line Dispatch — for G.I. JOE Fan Club members only! Every month you get this special communique. It's in code! Only club members can decode it with their latest copy of G.I. JOE Comics magazine!

To my Pal
John



An auto-graphed picture of me, "G.I." Joe Burch!

(Actual size 4 x 5 inches.)

G.I. Joe FAN CLUB!

IT'S EASY! HERE'S HOW

1 Get together all the names and addresses of your friends who want to be members.

2 Have each guy or gal cut out the ZIEFF-DAVIS symbol from the front cover of his or her G.I. JOE Comic Book. That is the special money that entitles you to membership. One of these symbols appears on the right-hand corner of this page, and one must accompany every name you send.

3 Now, put all the names, addresses, symbols, and ONE quarter (25¢) into an envelope and send it to me, G.I. JOE, Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

4 Just as soon as I hear from you I'll send you your complete G.I. JOE FAN CLUB KIT, which contains pictures, membership cards, pennants, and G.I. JOE badges of honor. One of each for every member!



As a G.I. JOE Fan Club member, you'll want to get every adventure-packed issue—especially since you'll be decoding my secret messages from now on. Special rate subscription coupon at right entitles you to 12 Big Issues of G.I. JOE for only \$1.00. Tear out the coupon and mail it to me, on the double, and you'll save 20¢! But best of all, you won't risk missing a single exciting issue.

Address: G.I. JOE General Headquarters
Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.
366 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

OKAY!

SEND

AT SPECIAL RATE
(REGULAR RATE \$1.20)

G.I. Joe

12 ISSUES—\$1.00
☐ REMITTANCE ENCLOSED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

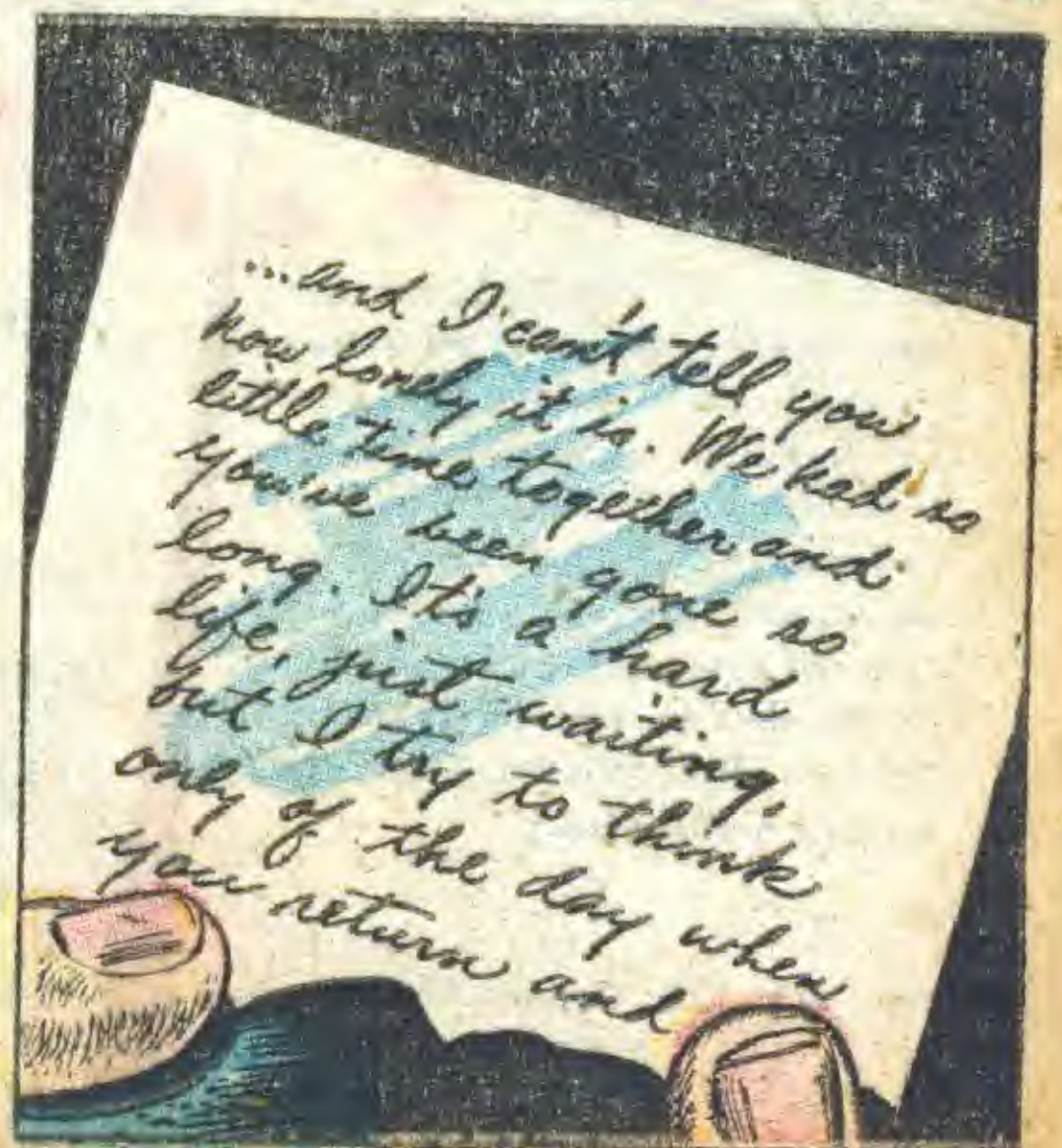
☐ THIS SUBSCRIPTION IS FOR ME.
☐ THIS IS A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE PERSON NAMED ABOVE. PLEASE SEND A GIFT CARD NAMING ME AS DONOR.

MY NAME IS _____



G.I. Joe in The Sign of the Tigress

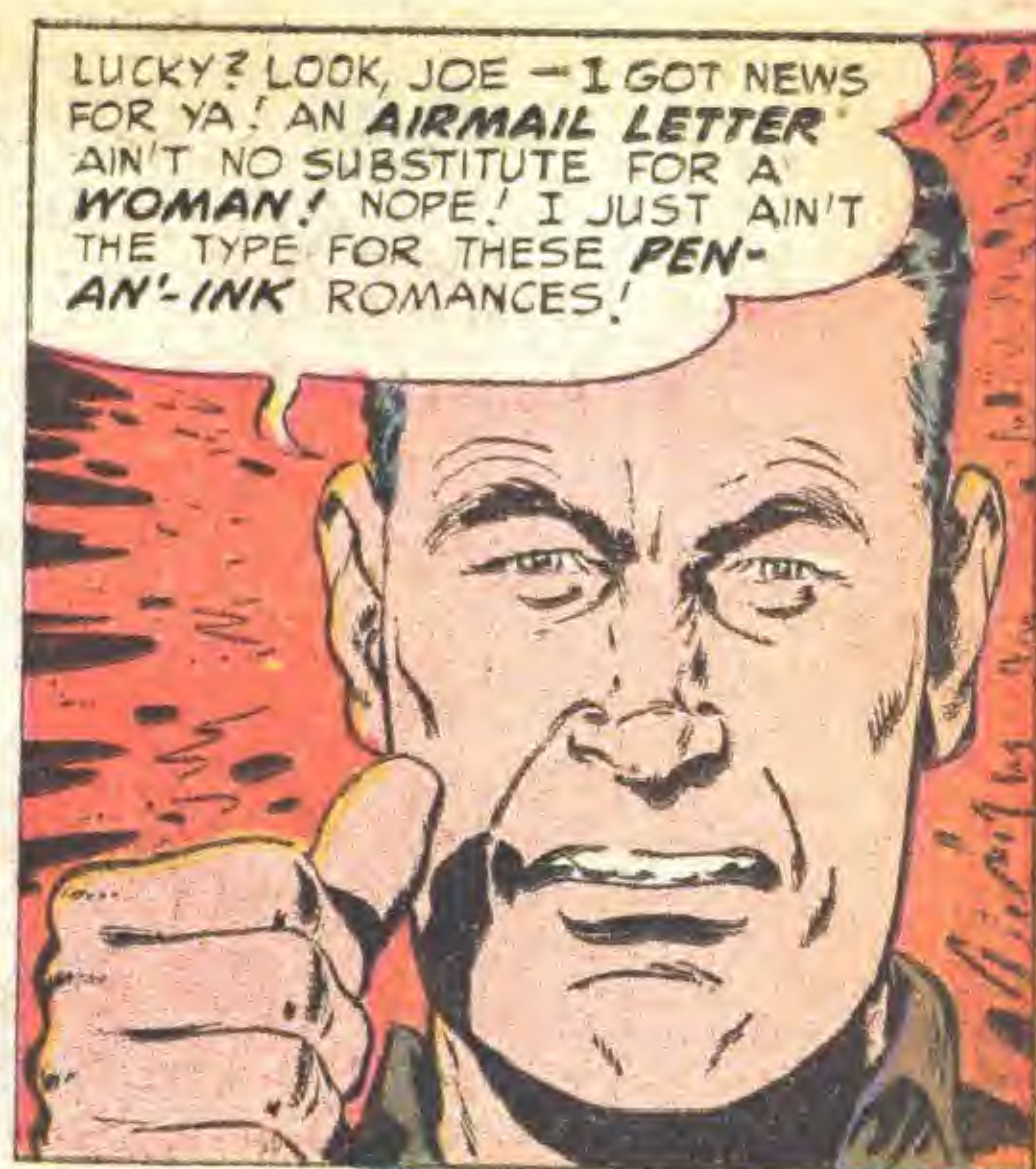
OUR SCENE IS A REAR AREA SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. THE MAIL TRUCK HAS JUST DROPPED OFF ITS ALL-TOO-INFREQUENT CARGO, AND SGT. MULVANEY RAGES AS HE READS HIS MISSIVE FROM HOME...





LONELY! HARD LIFE! BOY, THEM CEE-VILIANS SURE GOT IT TOUGH, AIN'T THEY? WHAT DOES SHE THINK I BEEN DOIN'--PLAYIN' **TIDDLEY-WINKS?**

DON'TCHA SEE, MULVANEY? SHE'S JUST TRYIN' TO TELL YA HOW MUCH SHE MISSES YOU! YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A GIRL WHO'LL WAIT FOR YOU THIS LONG!



LUCKY? LOOK, JOE—I GOT NEWS FOR YA! AN **AIRMAIL LETTER** AIN'T NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A **WOMAN!** NOPE! I JUST AIN'T THE TYPE FOR THESE **PEN-AN'-INK** ROMANCES!



I'M CALLIN' THE WHOLE THING OFF! I'M GONNA WRITE HER THIS MINUTE! I'LL START OFF NICE AND PERLITE... **DEAR JANE...**

SERGEANT MULVANEY!



YES, SIR!

PREPARE THE MEN TO ADVANCE! WE'RE MOVING UP IN AN HOUR!



LOOKS LIKE YOUR **DEAR JANE** LETTER IS GONNA HAFTA WAIT, MULVANEY! "DEAR JANE" LETTER! HA-HA! SAY, THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY, AIN'T IT?

BURCH! YOU'RE AS FUNNY AS A DIRECT HIT!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, "BAKER" COMPANY IS TRAPPED IN AN ENEMY POCKET...

THE U.N. BIG GUNS OPEN UP, AND SOON THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS...



IF WE EVER GET OUTA THIS ALIVE, BURCH, I'M OFFA WOMEN FOR LIFE! THEY JUST AIN'T WORTH ALL THIS!

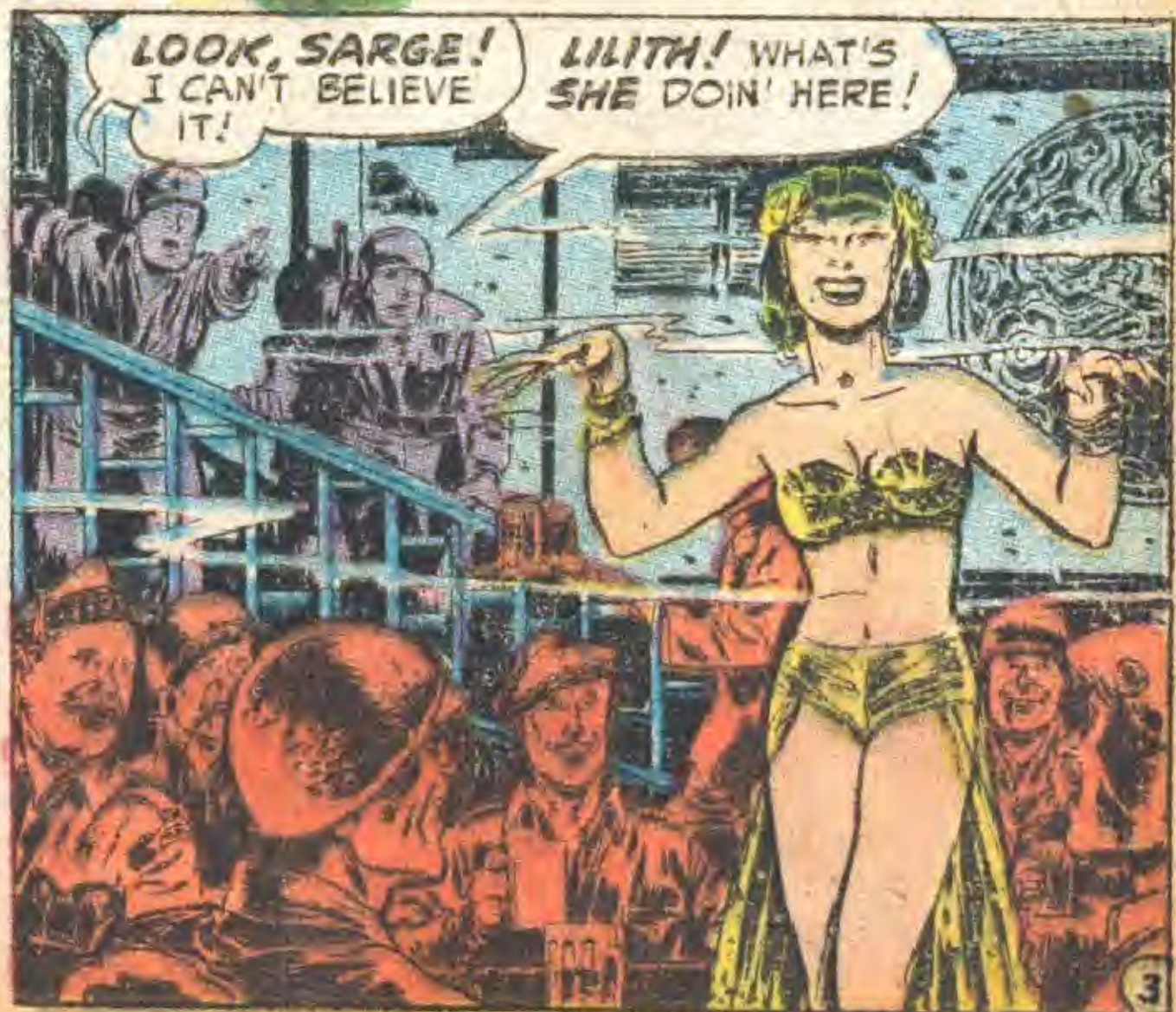
KNOCK IT OFF, MULVANEY! THEM GUNS IS MAKIN' **ENOUGH** NOISE 'THOUT YOU OPENIN' THAT HOWITZER MOUTH OF YOURS!



LOOK! THE **ARTILLERY** GOT THROUGH!

YIPPEE! THE REDS ARE ON THE RUN!

THE BATTLE OVER, THE MEN RELAX AS THEY AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS...





DON'TCHA GET IT, SARGE? THAT SIGN OUTSIDE...

HMM... "SIGN OF THE TIGRESS"... SURE! THAT'S IT! **LILITH, THE TIGRESS**--



AN' GET A LOADA THEM TIGHTS! YUM! THAT'S FER ME!

CAREFUL, JUNIOR! THIS PIGEON'S PROBABLY AFTER SOMETHIN'! **ALL DAMES ARE! C'MON—LET'S FIND US A TABLE!**



JOE! SOMETHIN'S UP! DO WHAT I TELL YA AND DON'T LOOK SURPRISED! TURN YOUR HEAD SLOW, AND LOOK UNDER THAT CURTAIN BEHIND YA!



JOE TURNS TO SEE...



'JA SEE THEM BOOTS?

YEAH! AN' THERE'S A PAIR OF REDS IN 'EM! THEY BEEN WATCHIN' US ALL THE TIME!



RED SPIES! THIS PLACE MUST BE LOUSY WITH 'EM! BUT IT DON'T FIGURE! LILITH WOULDN'T WORK FOR THE REDS!

THAT'S DAMES FOR YA! THERE AIN'T ONE OF 'EM Y'CAN TRUST! C'MON! WE GOTTA GET SOME HELP!



AND, NOW I AM GOING TO SING AN **AMERICAN JIVE SONG**-- ESPECIALLY FOR OUR **G.I. FRIENDS!**

HOLD IT, MULVANEY! LILITH'S TRYIN' TO TELL US SOMETHIN'!



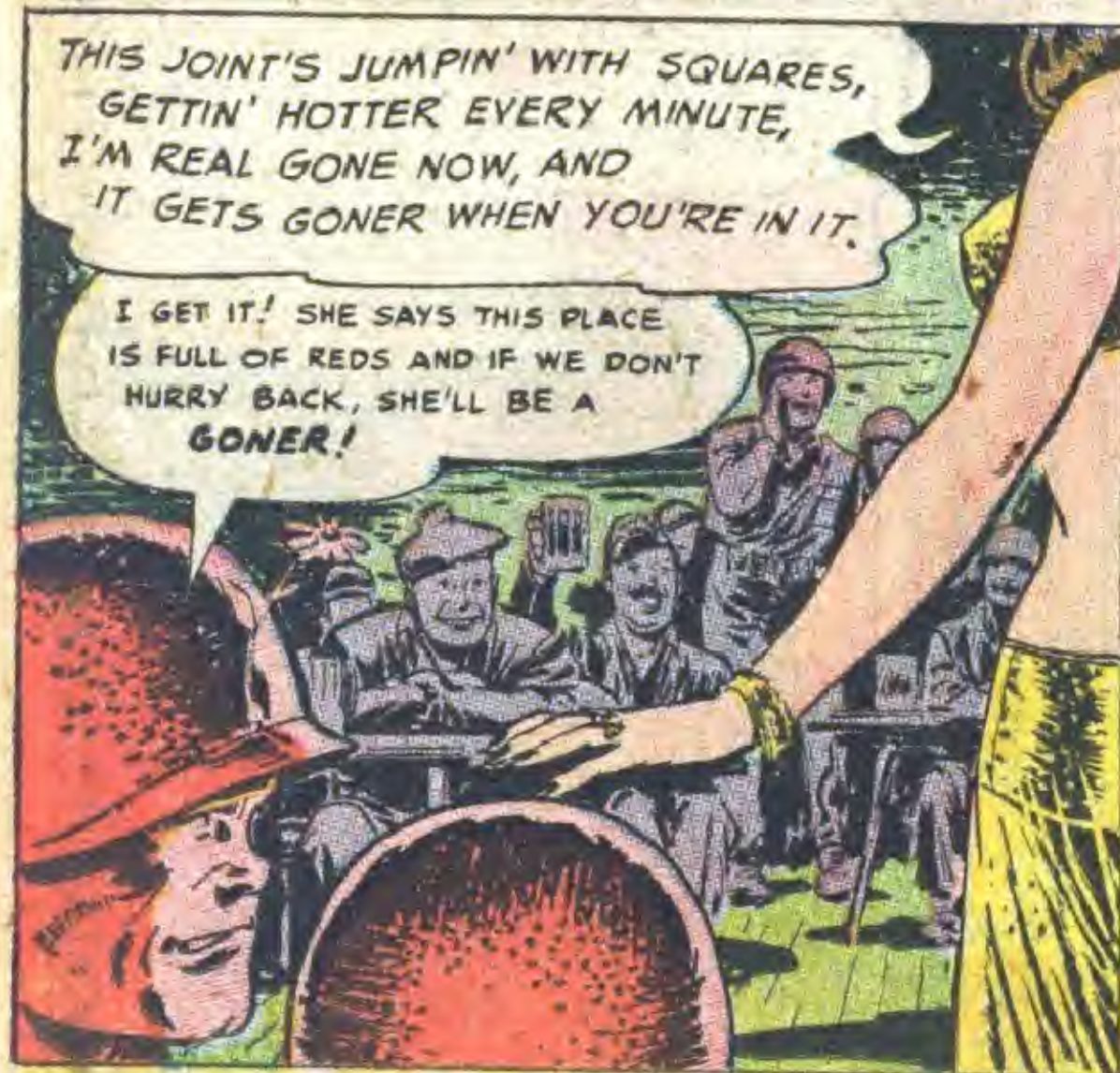
IT'S CALLED, "DIG ME NOW OR YOU'LL PLANT ME LATER!"

IT'S JIVE TALK, SARGE! SHE SAYS, IF WE DON'T LISTEN TO 'ER NOW, WE MAY FIND 'ER DEAD LATER!



RATTLE UP SOME HEPCATS, TAKE 'EM TO A CERTAIN BRAWL, IF YOU TRUCK ON DOWN TO LEFT STREET, YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND THE HALL!

HEAR THAT? SHE WANTS US TO ROUND UP SOME MEN AND TAKE 'EM WITH US! IF WE HEAD DUE LEFT OF HERE, WE'LL FIND OURSELVES A HAUL OF REDS!



THIS JOINT'S JUMPIN' WITH SQUARES, GETTIN' HOTTER EVERY MINUTE, I'M REAL GONER NOW, AND IT GETS GONER WHEN YOU'RE IN IT.

I GET IT! SHE SAYS THIS PLACE IS FULL OF REDS AND IF WE DON'T HURRY BACK, SHE'LL BE A GONER!



ARE THE AMERICANS GOING TO BUY LILITH A DRINK?

SHE'S SAYIN' THAT LOUD SO THEM RED SPIES CAN HEAR! SHE **REALLY** WANTS US TO BLOW THIS JOINT!



SORRY, BABY! WE GOTTA LEAVE! OUR PASSES ARE UP AT MIDNIGHT!

TOO BAD, SOLDIER! PERHAPS ANOTHER TIME!



OUTSIDE...

WAIT, JOE! S'POSE THIS IS A TRAP! AFTER ALL, SHE'S A DAME--

OH, YEAH? AN' S'POSE SHE'S ON THE LEVEL? LOOK, SARGE! **YOU** CAN STAY IF Y' WANNA --I'M GOIN'!

FACED WITH THE CHOICE, MULVANEY RELUCTANTLY AGREES TO GO ALONG. THEY FIND LITTLE DIFFICULTY ROUNDING UP A GROUP OF MEN...



LOOK, GUYS! WE'LL BORROW THE LOOTENANT'S JEEP! WE CAN TELL 'IM ABOUT IT LATER!

ME--TRUSTIN' A DAME! I MUST BE OFF MY ROCKER!

LOOK! A FARMHOUSE! MAYBE THAT'S THE PLACE LILITH MEANT!

WELL, IF IT IS, WE'D BETTER STOP HERE! WE'LL HAFTA SNEAK UP NICE AN' QUIET-LIKE! THEY PROBL'Y GOT GUARDS OUTSIDE!



GUARDS! JUST LIKE YA SAID, JOE!

C'MON, LET'S JUMP 'EM! AN' REMEMBER-- NO NOISE!

SILENTLY--SWIFTLY--THE RED SENTRIES ARE SUBDUED! AND A MOMENT LATER...



DROP IT, JUNIOR! THE PARTY'S OVER!

LOOK, MULVANEY! A GIRL! THEY'VE BEEN HOLDIN' 'ER PRISONER!

AIEEE! AMERICANS!



C'MON, SISTER! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE SOME MORE OF THESE RED JOKERS SHOW UP!



SO YOU'RE LILITH'S SISTER!

YES! THE REDS HELD ME HOSTAGE WHILE THEY FORCED LILITH TO GET INFORMATION FROM UNITED NATIONS TROOPS!

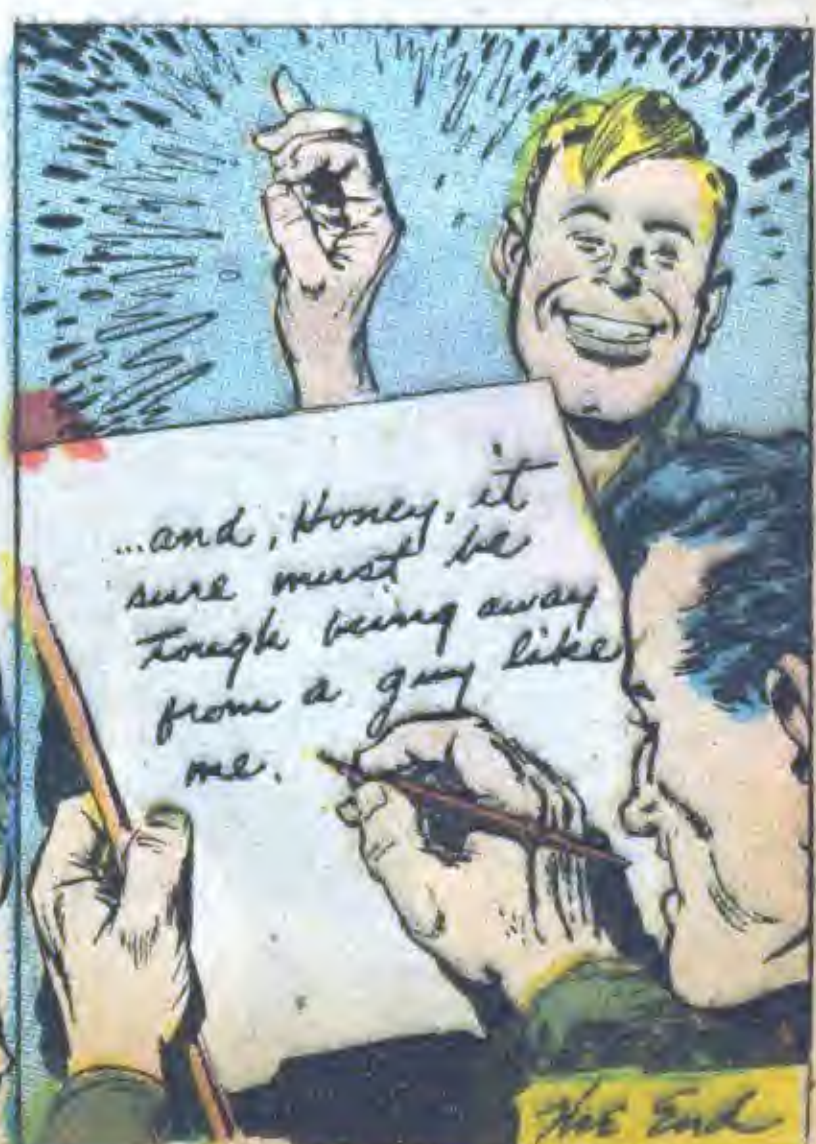
WE BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE CAFE AN' CLEAN OUT THEM RED SPIES!

LATER, AFTER THE RED SPY RING IS ROUNDED UP...



WHAT A NIGHT! BEEN YEARS SINCE I HAD SUCH A NICE FURLOUGH!

WELL, Y'BETTER GET READY T'LEAVE, SARGE! OUR TIME'S JUST ABOUT UP!





MAIL CALL

WE WANT TO THANK ALL YOU READERS FOR YOUR SWELL LETTERS. TO THOSE WHO **HAVEN'T** WRITTEN — LET'S HEAR FROM YOU! IF YOU HAVE ANY GRIPEs, SUGGESTIONS, SPECIAL REQUESTS... JUST SHOOT 'EM IN — WE'LL TRY TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. HERE ARE EXCERPTS FROM JUST A FEW LETTERS:

I think G.I. Joe is the best all 'round comic sold. You find romance, adventure, comedy and most everything. I buy G.I. Joe every time it appears on the newsstands.
John Martinson, Langquith, Manitoba, Canada

I got a hobby of collecting war comics, and G.I. Joe is the one that tops the list. Keep the Big G.I. Joe coming. John Van Oteghem, Moline, Ill.

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy your war comic magazine I read G.I. Joe every chance I get. It is the most interesting magazine I have ever read. It's good to know how the war in Korea really is. I'm sure a lot of other people enjoy G.I. Joe, too. I've heard quite a few compliments, and I agree with them.

Jerry Vernon Snell, Abilene, Texas

G.I. Joe is packed with adventure, humor and wholesome entertainment.

Richard Snow, Southington, Conn.

I like your comic because it has such wonderful stories... some sad and some humorous. They tell the truth about the war and they have all the adventure you want.

Charles A. Ziegler, Marion, Ohio.

I think G.I. Joe is the best comic on sale. It is not as bloody as other war comics, and is good for people from 5-95.

Mike Dowler, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Your stories are absolutely too fantastic. Why not print stories that actually happen? How many times do things like "Betty Ross Bags a Colonel" (APRIL ISSUE, #10) really happen?

Del. Jeter, San Diego, Calif.

I have just finished reading G.I. Joe and it's tops in my book.

I am 16 years old and a full-month veteran of Korea.

I would like to tell my story from the times I entered the Regular Army until I was discharged. If you are interested just let me know.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SHOOT YOUR STORY IN, KEN. WE'RE ALL EARS.

Ken Martin, Gastonia, N. C.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF A FEW OF JOE'S OTHER FANS:

HOWARD CLARK, MISS DEANNA WILLIAMS, BUDDY STANFIELD, GARY IASONE, JIMMY KROON, MISS WALTERETTE LO PRIMO, MISS OLLIE MCKNIGHT, JOE WILLIAMSON, TOM VANDEGRIFT, WALLACE JUALL, LARRY MONTGOMERY, STEPHEN NAIL, SAMMY LEE PEERY, KENNY BROWN, MICHAEL THOMPSON, BRUCE ROSSWINN, RICKY WILLIAMS, FRANCIS WITTI, TERRY TOWNES, TEDDY DOWNEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: BECAUSE OF SECURITY LIMITATIONS WE ARE UNABLE TO PRINT LETTERS FROM OUR G.I. READERS WHO ARE OVERSEAS. HOWEVER, WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

G.I. JOE
ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.
366 MADISON AVE.
N.Y. 17, N.Y.

AIR SUPPORT

SGT. BUTCH MACKLIN of "George" Company turned around and stared at the great concentration of gasoline drums near the south approach to the emergency airstrip.

His ears picked up the sounds of heavy firing down the valley. There was the staccato of small-arms outbursts intermingled with the occasional thud of a bazooka: A reconnaissance group of enemy tanks was scouting out the terrain.

"Swell duty!" grunted the bearded, hollow-eyed Macklin to the rest of "George" Company. They were the garrison detail left to cover the advance airfield while the offensive was temporarily stalled.

There was a "whoosh" overhead, and Sergeant Macklin squinted at a formation of Sabre Jets shooting toward the enemy's rear lines.

"Swell duty!" he repeated. "Those flyboys strap on their belts and take a joy ride behind the lines while we sit here waitin' to be blown sky high, alongside a gasoline dump. One stray shell and we'll travel higher than those jets."

"What's eatin' you, Macklin?" grunted Corporal Ramsay. "Ever since you joined this outfit you've griped about flyboys. Why don't you get the whole beef out in the open!"

Sergeant Macklin looked as though he'd suddenly been jolted by this blunt observation.

"It started back in my home town," he said slowly, rubbing a grimy hand through his whiskers. "A guy named Jess Cooper and myself were after the same girl. We got a draft call at the same time. He qualified as a fighter pilot. I washed out and got the infantry. When I shipped overseas he had the field all to himself."

"So he married the girl," concluded Ramsay, grinding out his cigarette.

"Not exactly," countered Macklin. "I get letters

from her once in a while. She's still trying to make up her mind. But I'll never forgive the Air Force for letting that Cooper stay back there while I play nursemaid to a bazooka in this blasted hole."

"And so you're taking it out on the whole Air Force," observed Ramsay, lighting a cigarette.

The whoosh of jet planes interrupted his reply. Then came the sharp cry from Pfc. Hartzell, ammo bearer:

"Sabre Jets comin' in for emergency landing!" he called.

"Ain't that just dandy!" Macklin snarled. "They're out of fuel, so they come here for a refill. This only makes us the hottest target in the area."

"Quit bellyachin'," grunted Ramsay, picking up his automatic rifle. "If it wasn't for air support, we'd have three times as many tanks in our hair."

The planes had just come to a halt as Macklin and his buddies approached the landing strip. And then the sergeant stopped in his tracks as he spotted the lanky pilot who climbed out of the lead plane. There was only one guy who moved with that pigeon-toed gait . . . Jess Cooper, who happened to love the same girl he did.

Funny, but Cooper looked a whole lot more serious than the last time Macklin had seen him. His face was lined with worry and fatigue.

By way of greeting Macklin, he shouted:

"Tanks coming up the valley. Give us a quick refill or we'll lose the planes!"

Despite his resentment at Cooper's orders, Macklin felt the sudden pang of impending disaster. If those tanks reached the airfield and got that gas dump, they were all goners.

The snout of an enemy tank came over the brow

of the ridge. Macklin set up the bazooka, and with Ramsay's help he knocked it out with the first shot. Those new heavy caliber weapons were dynamite on tanks.

Around him the other bazookas were firing, too, with deadly effect. Two more tanks wilted under the fire. There was an infantry attack moving up the valley behind the Red tanks. And he saw men around him going down under sniper fire.

Then he saw Cooper on the far side of the field firing a .45 automatic. Macklin laughed. What a grand-stander, he thought, trying to stop a stray foot soldier with that pop-gun.

Around the landing strip, the gasoline boys pumped the gas furiously. In a few more minutes the Sabre Jets would have enough fuel for a take-off to a rear base.

The next few minutes would tell the story. Mortar shells dropped around them. Precious seconds would tell now. If the planes could get into the air, they could wipe out this attack.

Cooper was running to his side of the field to lend a hand with his pea-shooter. But Macklin's attention was called to the snout of another tank looming on the ridge. Then came another. The bazookas opened up again. He fired once, twice. Suddenly—a roar and a blinding explosion from the gas supply dump behind him to his left.

That was all Butch Macklin remembered...

He opened his eyes. His head pounded like a bass drum. There was a heavy bandage around it. His arms and legs were bandaged, too. How anybody had jammed him into the floor space behind the pilot he never knew.

All he wished for was a quiet cot in a hospital. As he lay there he made out the outline of the pilot at the controls. There was something familiar about those hunched shoulders.

The pilot turned and grinned at him. Macklin's heart stopped beating. It was Jess Cooper!

The sergeant blacked out again.

When he opened his eyes a second time he was on a hospital cot. An Army nurse, who looked like an angel, made out some kind of report.

In the bed next to him, Macklin could make out the bandaged figure of Corporal Ramsay.

"How—how'd we get this kind of duty?" grunted Macklin feebly.

"Air Force, you dope," murmured Ramsay. "The same guys you've been eatin' out for the past six months saved our skins. When that gas dump went up, Cooper grabbed you and ordered your carcass stuffed aboard. They got enough planes in the air to save 'George' Company just in the nick of time. Boy! It was some show!"

Butch Macklin found it hard to draw a conclusion about Jess Cooper. After all, a guy who's been your rival for a year or two just doesn't turn out to be a knight in shining armor over night.

As Macklin groped with the problem, he found himself face to face with Lieutenant Cooper, who wore a big friendly smile as he settled down on the stool alongside his cot.

"You're the toughest 'hitch-hiker' I ever carried, Butch," chuckled Cooper. "You fought like a wild-cat, until the medic gave you the needle."

Macklin stirred uneasily.

"Never did like to travel by air," he grunted.

Cooper studied him for a moment.

"That was a wonderful job your company did holding the air strip. The general is recommending your outfit for a citation for getting all planes away."

Then Cooper added:

"Effie will be proud of you, too."

Macklin grimaced slightly, and his head felt worse.

"I reckon Effie'll be more interested in hearing about those planes getting home safe," he grunted.

Cooper grinned and shook his head.

"I just wrote Effie I've become engaged to a Red Cross girl stationed at Inchon. I was second fiddle ever since you left, Macklin. Congratulations."

The grinning Macklin almost forgot his hand was in no condition for a grip of friendship.

He was at peace with the world again.

THE END

Here Are Your Boys

By Sam Daily, Correspondent



SOON
ED
AND
LEW
WERE IN
KOREA.
AS THEY
MOVED
UP TO
THE
FRONT
THROUGH
THE
RUINS,
THE
NOISES
AND
SMELLS
OF
WAR...

LEW-- WE'RE ALMOST
THERE! WE'LL
SOON BE IN
COMBAT!
LET'S STICK
TOGETHER--
ALWAYS!

YOU KNOW
I'LL NEVER
LET YOU
DOWN, ED!

BLAM!



WE'RE GONNA BE
ALL RIGHT, LEW! I
HAVE GRAMPS'
PISTOL IN THE
PACK...

YEAH, ED! YOU
CAN'T BEAT THAT
TEAM! YOU, ME
AN' THE OL' HOSS
PISTOL!



"THE TWO MEN WERE PLUNGED INTO THE VIOLENCE OF THE FIGHTING. THEY LEARNED THE MEANING OF DEATH, THEY GREW TOUGH AND GRIM... THEY BECAME SOLDIERS!"



"THE ENDLESS FIGHTING WENT ON, AND THROUGH IT ALL, ED AND LEW WERE INSEPARABLE..."

I NEED A COUPLE OF
VOLUNTEERS FOR A
PATROL! AN' IT
AIN'T GONNA BE
NO PICNIC.

I'LL
BITE,
SARGE!

YEAH!
ME, TOO!



YOU TWO GUYS ARE LIKE
HAM 'N' EGGS, AINTCHA?

WE GOT A LOT TO DO,
AN' VERY LITTLE TIME!
WE HAVE TO MEET A
PATROL FROM "EASY"
COMPANY.

WE'RE READY ANY
TIME YOU ARE,
SARGE! WHAT'S
THE STORY?



OUR JOB IS TO
FIND OUT HOW
STRONG THE ENEMY
IS IN THE WOODED
AREA NEAR MAEGU!
THERE AIN'T GONNA
BE ANY LAUGHS
ON THIS JOB!



"SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, THE PATROL MOVED INTO ITS ASSIGNED AREA..."



GOOD!
YANKES
WALK INTO
TRAP!

FIRE SHOT
TO SIGNAL
OUR
COMRADES!



HIT THE
DIRT!

SPANG!

"IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE PATROL WAS SURROUNDED, BUT THE VALIANT GI'S FOUGHT BACK FIERCELY..."

"THE FIGHT IN THE WOODS RAGED FIERCELY, AND THEN..."



MAMMOTH THIS
IS RED HAT!
RAN INTO BEEHIVE!
NO SOAP IF NO
HELP! OVER!

LEW--I--
I'M
SCARED!

SURE YOU ARE,
PAL--SO AM
I! BUT WE'LL
BE OKAY!
WE'VE GOT
THE OL' HOSS
PISTOL, AIN'T
WE?



THAT DOES
IT! NO
MORE AMMO!

I HAVE
ONLY ONE
CLIP LEFT!

SAME HERE!
ALL THE BOYS
ARE RUNNIN'
OUT OF
AMMO!

RAT TAT
TAT TAT...
CLICK...CLICK...



OKAY, WE'RE IN A
BAD SPOT! BUT
IT AIN'T ANYTHIN' WE
CAN'T FIGHT OUR
WAY OUT OF! FIX
BAYONETS!

HEY, ED!
WE STILL
GOT SOME
BULLETS!
THE PISTOL!

YEAH!
TAKE IT
OUTA
MY PACK!



HERE THEY
COME, ED!





HERE IT IS! IT'S
CAKED WITH MUD--
BUT I KNOW ED
WOULDN'T WANT
ME TO GO
WITHOUT IT!

YANK
THINKS I
AM DEAD!



DIE, YANK!

HUH??

"THE RED SCOOPED UP THE HOSS PISTOL ..."



"HE
AIMED
IT AT
LEW
MACE
WITH
DELIBER-
ATION.
THE RED
SOLDIER
SMILED
AS HIS
FINGER
TIGHTENED
AROUND
THE
TRIGGER,
AND
THEN...



"THE MUD-CHOKED 'PEACE-MAKER'
BLEW UP IN HIS HAND!"



YOU
OKAY,
LEW?

YEAH... I'M OKAY...
AND I ALWAYS
WILL BE, AS
LONG AS I
HAVE THIS...

WHY, THAT'S
JUST A BEAT-
UP OLD HOSS
PISTOL! HOW'LL
THAT DO YOU
ANY GOOD?

YOU WOULDN'T
UNDERSTAND,
SARGE!



SOMEWHERE IN KOREA, LEW
MACE IS FIGHTING TODAY! AND
HIS SYMBOL OF HOPE AND
COURAGE IS THE
OLD HOSS
PISTOL, TWISTED,
USELESS JUNK--
BUT SPEAKING
MUTELY FOR
FREEDOM!



SAN DAILY

THE END



HI, GUYS! HOW'S YOUR G.I. I.Q.? BELOW YOU'LL FIND FIVE PUZZLES. EACH IS WORTH 20 POINTS. ARE YOU AN INFANTRYMAN OR A SAD SACK? THIS IS THE WAY YOU CAN KEEP SCORE: 100 - INFANTRYMAN; 80 - FIRST SERGEANT; 60 - MESS SERGEANT; 40 - M.P.; 20 - GOLD-BRICK; 10 - YARDBIRD; 0 - SAD SACK. YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE. ALL SET? WELL, GO TO IT - ON THE DOUBLE!

BY ADDING SOME LETTERS THE SIX MEN'S NAMES CAN BE CONVERTED INTO NAMES OF GIRLS.

	1	LEN	2	FRED
	3	ROB	4	ART
	5	PAUL	6	CY

ELEVEN THOUSAND ELEVEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN REPLACEMENT TROOPS JUST ARRIVED IN KOREA.

CAN YOU WRITE DOWN THE ABOVE NUMBER IN FIGURES?



GO NURSE

REARRANGE ALL THE ABOVE LETTERS TO SPELL THE NAME OF A SPECIALIST IN THE MEDICAL CORPS.



TONY CARPUCCIO BAGGED THIS LITTLE PIG. HOW MANY POUNDS DOES IT WEIGH? ADD ALL THE SINGLE NUMBERS.

A.W. NUGENT

41 16 41
8 2 2
4 1 6
8 1 1
6 2 1 5 1 9 3
8 5 2 1 9 3
2 4 8 2 6
2 8 2 4 1 6
6 5 1 9 3

COUNT OFF!

HOW MANY TRIANGLES, OF ANY SIZE, ARE IN THIS INSIGNIA



NAME CHANGE: 1 - LENA; 2 - FRED; 3 - ROBERTA; 4 - MARTHA; 5 - PAULA; OR PAULENE; 6 - CYNTHIA. REPLACEMENT TROOPS: 12,111. THE LETTERS IN "GO NURSE" WILL SPELL SURGEON. THE PIG WEIGHS ONE-HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR POUNDS. INSIGNIA TRIANGLES: TWELVE SMALL ONES; SIX MEDIUM, TWO LARGE. TOTAL TWENTY.

G.I. Joe in Lexy's Glass Eye

FOR FIVE DAYS, IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER, AN IMPOSSIBLE-TO-LOCATE RED LOOKOUT POST HAS BEEN DIRECTING A CONTINUAL BARRAGE AT THE U.N. LINES. FRUSTRATED AND FIGHTING MAD AT THEIR FAILURE TO ZERO IN ON THIS "PHANTOM" SPOTTER'S NEST, "BAKER" COMPANY'S MORALE IS AT THE CRACKING POINT...



A CIVILIAN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER IS COMING UP TO DO A **HUMAN INTEREST** STORY ON US!

DID YOU SAY **HU-MAN IN-T'REST**, LOOTENANT? THAT'S **ALL** WE NEED! THE GOONS SHELLING US RIGHT AND LEFT, AN' SOME JERK WANTS A TAKE PICTURES!

GREAT! I FEEL ABOUT AS HUMAN AS A GOPHER!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, HERE COMES THE PHOTOGRAPHER! REMEMBER, MEN — LOOK **HUMAN!**

GOT YOUR MAKE-UP ON, SARGE?

KNOCK IT OFF, JOE! SAY, LOOTENANT, CAN I TAKE A LOOK?

HOLY CATS! THE PHOTOGRAPHER MUST BE A **MIDGET!**

HOW DO YOU DO, SIR? WELCOME TO BAKER COMPANY! I'M AFRAID I MUST BE BRIEF! THE REDS HAVE US SPOTTED AND PINNED DOWN...

HIT THE DIRT!

I BET THAT CAMERA BUG TAKES OFF AFTER **THIS** HUH, LOOTENANT?

I HOPE SO, BURCH! I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLES!

HEY, LOOTENANT—**LOOK!**



THE PHOTOGRAPHER!
HE'S A GIRL!

PICTURES OR NO PICTURES,
WE'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT
OF HERE BEFORE SHE'S
BLOWN OUT!

WOW! A
DAME!

AN' WHAT
A DAME!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND,
MA'AM! IT'S MIGHTY NICE
TO SEE A PURTY FACE
AGAIN

LEMME
HAVE IT,
WILL YA?
I GOT IT
FOIST!

STAND BACK,
JUNIOR —
THIS IS A
MAN'S JOB!



YOU AND YOUR MEN
HAVE TO TAKE CHANCES,
LIEUTENANT—AND
THROUGH THE GLASS
EYE OF MY CAMERA,
I WANT TO SHOW
THE PEOPLE BACK
HOME WHY YOU TAKE
THEM! I DON'T WANT
ANY SPECIAL
CONSIDERATION...
I WANT TO BE
ONE OF THE
GANG! JUST
LIKE EVERY-
BODY ELSE!



LEXY GREY REPORTING FOR
DUTY, LIEUTENANT—NOW IF YOU'LL
HELP ME SET UP MY CAMERA...

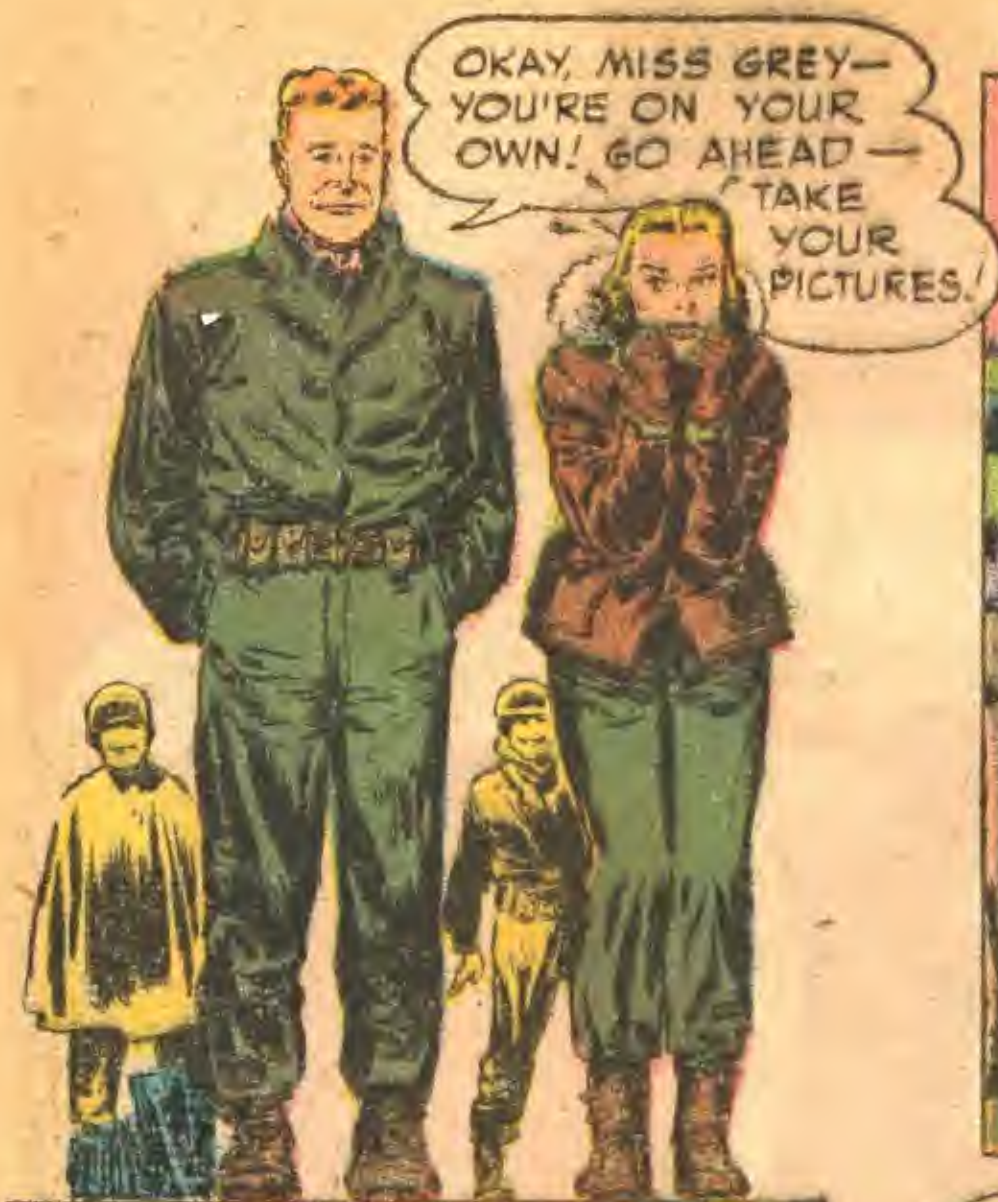


NOW LISTEN, MISS GREY... WE'VE
BEEN UNDER CONSTANT SHELLING
FOR FIVE DAYS! WE CAN'T BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY CIVILIAN
PERSONNEL! JUST THOUGHT I'D
BETTER WARN YOU!



WELL — NOT
QUITE LIKE
EVERYBODY
ELSE!

OH...!



OKAY, MISS GREY—
YOU'RE ON YOUR
OWN! GO AHEAD—
TAKE
YOUR
PICTURES!



AW, LEXY—NOBODY
WANTS TO SEE
MY PITCHER!

AND SO, THROUGH THE REST OF THE DAY...
HOOSIER, THE
PEOPLE BACK HOME WANT
TO SEE **WHO'S** FIGHTIN'
THIS WAR—AND IT'S
MEN LIKE YOU WHO
ARE DOING IT...



I SURE WISH THIS WAS
A BASEBALL I WAS
THROWIN',
LEXY!

IT'S THE BASEBALLS
YOU'VE THROWN, JOE,
THAT MAKE YOU
GOOD AT PITCHING—
THESE GRENADES!



THIS IS A
FINE SHOT
TO BE
TAKIN' OF
A SERGEANT,
LEXY!

GIVE HER
THE **PROFILE**,
SARGE! THE
FAMOUS
MULVANEY
PROFILE!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

JOE! LEXY'S MISSING!
GET CARPUCCIO AND
HOOSIER, AND
FIND HER!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

FIRST, IT'S DAMES—
THEN IT'S THE WAR!
NOW IT'S **DAMES**
AGAIN! THEY'RE
ALWAYS GIVIN' A
GUY TROUBLE!

GEE, I SHORE
HOPE NOTHIN'S
HAPPENED TO
HER! SHE'S
SUCH A PURTY
GAL!

IF YOU TWO
GUYS DON'T
SHUT UP,
WE'LL **NEVER**
FIND HER!



HOLD IT! I THINK I
FOUND HER--OR
WHAT'S LEFT
OF HER...



LOOKS LIKE
THE FORE
GAL GOT IT...

BUT SHE AIN'T HERE!
IF THOSE DIRTY
REDS GOT HER--
C'MON, GUYS,
LET'S GO!



OH!!

THEY GOT CARP!
THE LOUSY--

CRACK!

HOLD IT, HOOSIER!
IT'S LEXY!

THEY GOT US
SPOTTED! DIG
FOR IT--OR
WE'LL NEVER
GET BACK!

A FEW SWEAT-DRENCHED MINUTES LATER...

... AND FURTHERMORE, MISS GREY, YOU'RE
GOING **BACK** IN THE MORNING! YOU
WERE OKAYED TO COME UP HERE
AND GET **PICTURES**—NOT TO GET
MY MEN WOUNDED! WE'RE
IN ENOUGH TROUBLE
ALREADY, WITHOUT GOING
OUT TO **LOOK**
FOR IT!

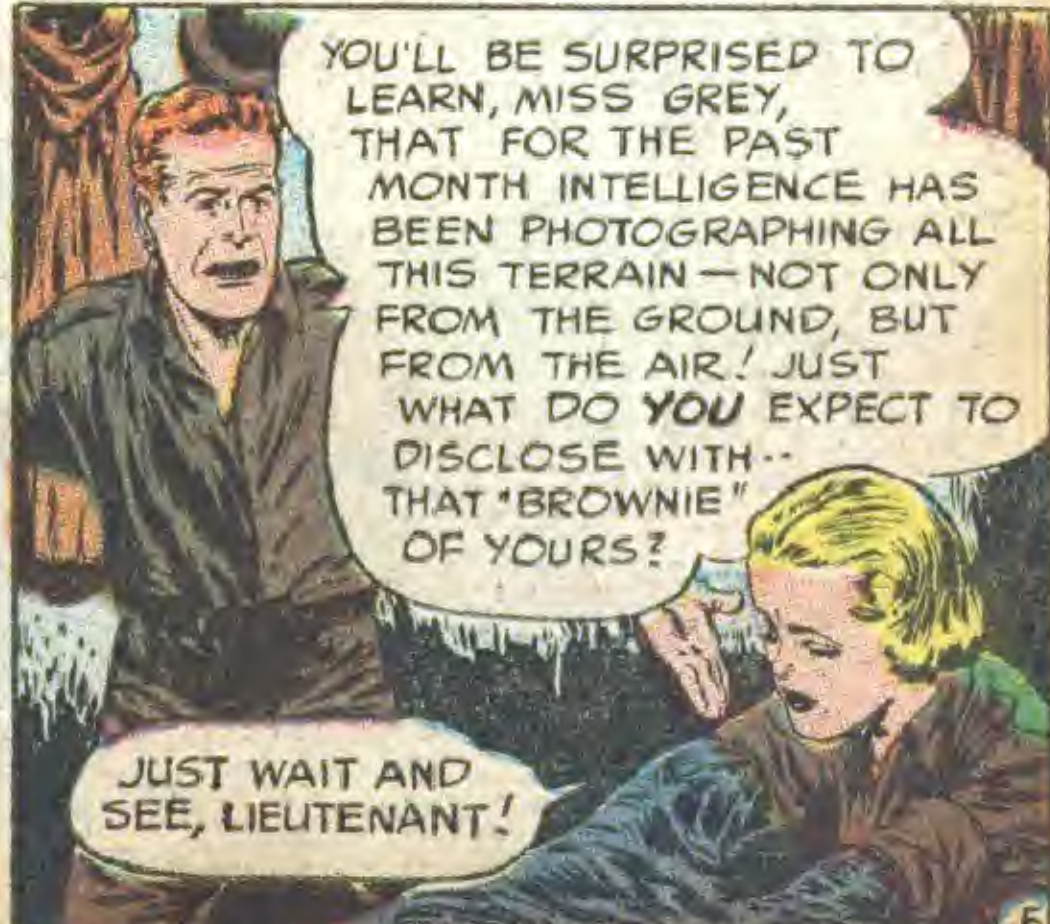
I FEEL DREADFUL
ABOUT CARPUCCIO'S
WOUND, LIEUTENANT,
BUT I WAS ONLY
TRYING TO HELP. I--
I HAD A HUNCH...



HUNCH! WAR ISN'T FOUGHT
ON **HUNCHES!** IT TAKES
CLEAR THINKING AND
STRATEGIC MANEUVERING!
AND REMEMBER, MISS
GREY—WAR IS A
MAN'S
GAME!



NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST BE PATIENT,
LIEUTENANT, I **MIGHT** HAVE
SOMETHING ON THESE NEGATIVES
THAT WILL FIND YOUR MYSTERIOUS
SPOTTER'S
NEST!



YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO
LEARN, MISS GREY,
THAT FOR THE PAST
MONTH INTELLIGENCE HAS
BEEN PHOTOGRAPHING ALL
THIS TERRAIN—NOT ONLY
FROM THE GROUND, BUT
FROM THE AIR! JUST
WHAT DO **YOU** EXPECT TO
DISCLOSE WITH--
THAT "BROWNIE"
OF YOURS?

JUST WAIT AND
SEE, LIEUTENANT!



YES, BUT YOUR SHOTS WEREN'T ALL TAKEN FROM THE **SAME ANGLE** AND WHEN YOU SUPERIMPOSE THESE NEGATIVES — YOU'LL NOTICE THE TREE **MOVES!!!**



WHAT? LET ME TAKE A LOOK?

SUPERIMPOSING SHOWS THAT THE BATTERED OLD TREE **MOVES!** THE OBVIOUS SPOT FOR THE RED LOOKOUT WAS THE BIG HILL — BUT, PHOTOGRAPHICALLY, THE ONLY WAY TO PICK UP ANY SECRET MOVEMENT WAS TO TAKE TIME EXPOSURES — **ALL FROM THE SAME POSITION!**



THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE IN DAYTIME -- SO WHY NOT AT NIGHT -- TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE COMMIES' FLARE? I'LL BET IF YOU HAVE YOUR ARTILLERY ZERO IN ON THAT MOVING TREE -- **HEY!** WHERE'D THE LIEUTENANT GO?



...THAT'S RIGHT, MAJOR -- THE BATTERED OLD TREE IS A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED RADIO ANTENNA... HIT IT WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, SIR! I'LL CHECK BACK ON EXACT POSITION DATA IN COUPLE OF MINUTES... WHAT'S THAT, SIR... ER -- OH, YES... WELL, ER -- ER -- THANK YOU, SIR... OVER...



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

SHE'S A GREAT GAL, LIEUTENANT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MULVANEY! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ROUGH GOING WITHOUT LEXY AND THAT CAMERA OF HERS... THE -- WHAT DID SHE CALL IT...? OH, YES -- HER "GLASS EYE!" I ONLY WISH WE HAD MORE OF THEM -- **ESPECIALLY** LIKE HERS!



YOU TAKE THE GLASS EYE, LIEUTENANT! WE'LL TAKE THIS!



The End

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6½ inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

How to **BECOME A**
MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

Come on, **PAL**, NOW
YOU GIVE ME

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME...AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW **HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of **HE-MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY**,
SIZE, **POWER**, **SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around**, **ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES**, **FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS**, **DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. SO Mail
coupon **NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

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Director

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Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty **HE-MAN**." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
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• MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
• REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

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